

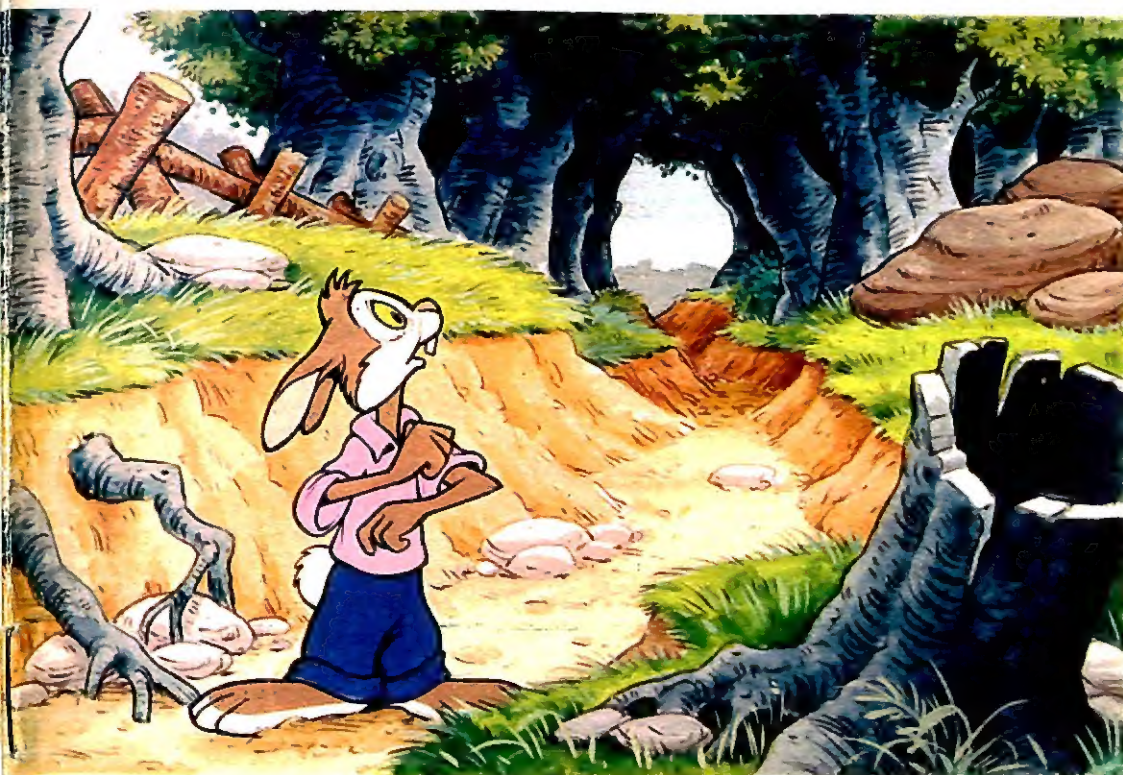


# the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY

## WAY DOWN YONDER IN BRIAR PATCH



1. The setting sun shone down on the little boy's upturned face, bathing it in a golden light. Old Uncle Remus smiled. "You surely are a golden boy this evening, honey child," said he. "What has that got to do with Brer Rabbit?" asked the little boy. The old man blinked. "Why, nothin', jest nothin' at all," he said. "Why should it?" "Because I'm here to listen to another story about Brer Rabbit, that's why," replied the little boy. Uncle Remus slapped his thigh. "Why, so you are, boy,—an' I have a good one for you this week so jest you listen, golden boy."



2. I've told you lots 'bout Brer Rabbit, began Uncle Remus, but I've never told you 'bout how Brer Rabbit got old Brer Fox out of a mighty bad fix. Seems like Brer Rabbit sort of primped hisself up one fine day an' went out for a li'l walk in the country. He was a-singin' and a-talkin' to hisself, he was, when suddenly he stopped 'cos he heard someone shouting: "Oh Lordy! Oh Lordy. Won't somebody come help me?" Brer Rabbit hears this an' he stops and listens.

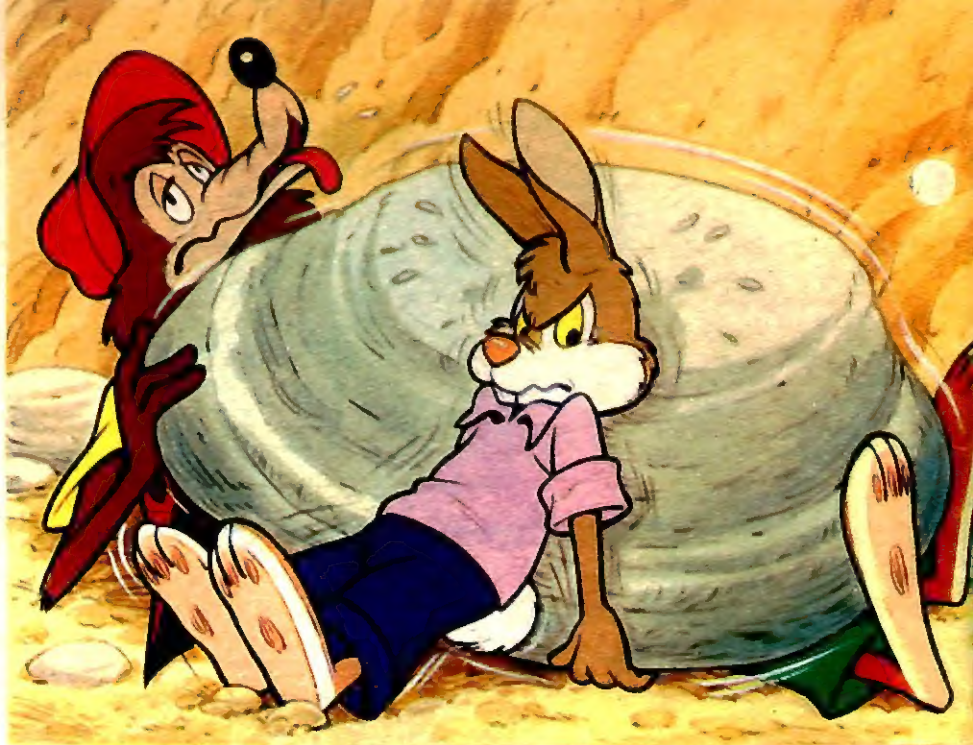


3. 'Twasn't long 'fore somethin' or other hollers out again: "Lordy, Lordy! Please, somebody, come an' help me!" Brer Rabbit, he hoists up his ears an' makes answer back: "Who is you, nohow, an' what in the name o' goodness is the matter?" "Please, somebody, do run here," came the answer. Brer Rabbit, he took and stood on his toes for to make sure of gettin' a good start if there was any needs for it, an' he hollers back: "Whereabouts is you an' how come you there?" "I'm down here in this big gulley under this here great big rock," said the voice.





4. Brer Rabbit had to be mighty particular in them days so he crept down the big gulley and he looked an' who in the name of goodness do you think he saw down there? Nobody in the round world but old Brer Fox and bless gracious, 'pon top of him was a great big rock.



5. Brer Fox, he'd been a-moseyin' along at the bottom of that gulley, a-lookin' for this an' that, when this here big rock rolled down right on top of him an' pinned him to the ground. Howsomer, he still had strength enough for to make folks hear him holler a mile off, an' he hollered so lonesome that it made Brer Rabbit feel mighty sorry. Brer Fox fixed a funny sort of grin on his face and he say, says he: "Please, sir, will you help me with the removance of this here rock?" an' Brer Rabbit allowed he could. So he got his shoulder up against that old rock an' he pushed an' he heaved an' he shoved, he did.



6. Well, by-an'-by Brer Rabbit shoved so hard he rolled that great big rock off'n Brer Fox. It turned out then that Brer Fox ain't hurt much an' when he found this out, he took a notion that if he was ever goin' to get his revengeance out'n Brer Rabbit, now was as good a time as any an' no sooner does that come across his mind than he took an' grabbed Brer Rabbit by his shirt collar and held him up in the air.



7. Brer Rabbit he kicked and he squealed but it didn't do no manner of good, 'cos the more he kicked the tighter Brer Fox clamped him. Brer Rabbit, he gasped: "Well then, Brer Fox, is this here the way you thanks folks for savin' your life?" Brer Fox grinned big an' then he up an' said: "First I'll thank you an' then I'll make fresh meat out of you." Brer Rabbit gasped again, he did, an' he said: "If you talk thataway, Brer Fox, I'll never do you another good turn as long as I live." An' Brer Fox, he grinned some more an' said: "That you won't, Brer Rabbit, that you won't 'cos you ain't got that much longer to live, you ain't."

8. Brer Rabbit sure was in a fix an' he knew it! So he sort of studied to hisself, he did, and then he said: "Where I come from, Brer Fox, it's against the law for folks to make rabbit stew out of someone who's done 'em a good turn—an' I reckon it's the law in these here parts, too." Brer Fox made out like he was thinking hard, he did, and then he says he ain't so mighty sure about that. Brer Rabbit says he's willin' for to leave the whole case to their friend Brer Terrapin 'cos he knows all about the law way down in Briar Patch. Brer Fox says he's agreeable so they both went down an' called on Brer Terrapin who luckily happened to be at home.





9. Brer Fox, he told his side and then Brer Rabbit, he told his side.

Old Brer Terrapin cleared his throat, peeped through his specks an' then he up an' said: "There's a mighty heap of mixness in this here dispute an' before I can take sides you'll jest have to take me for to see the place whereabouts Brer Fox was when Brer Rabbit found him," says he.

Sure enough, they took old Brer Terrapin down the big road until they came to the big gulley where Brer Fox got caught under the big rock. Old Brer Terrapin, he walked 'round, he did, and by-an'-by, he shook his head.



10. "I hates mightily to put you two gents to so much trouble," says Old Brer Terrapin and there was a certain tiny twinkle in his eye, "but there ain't no two ways. I'll have to see jest how Brer Fox was caught and just how the rock was lyin' 'pon top of him."

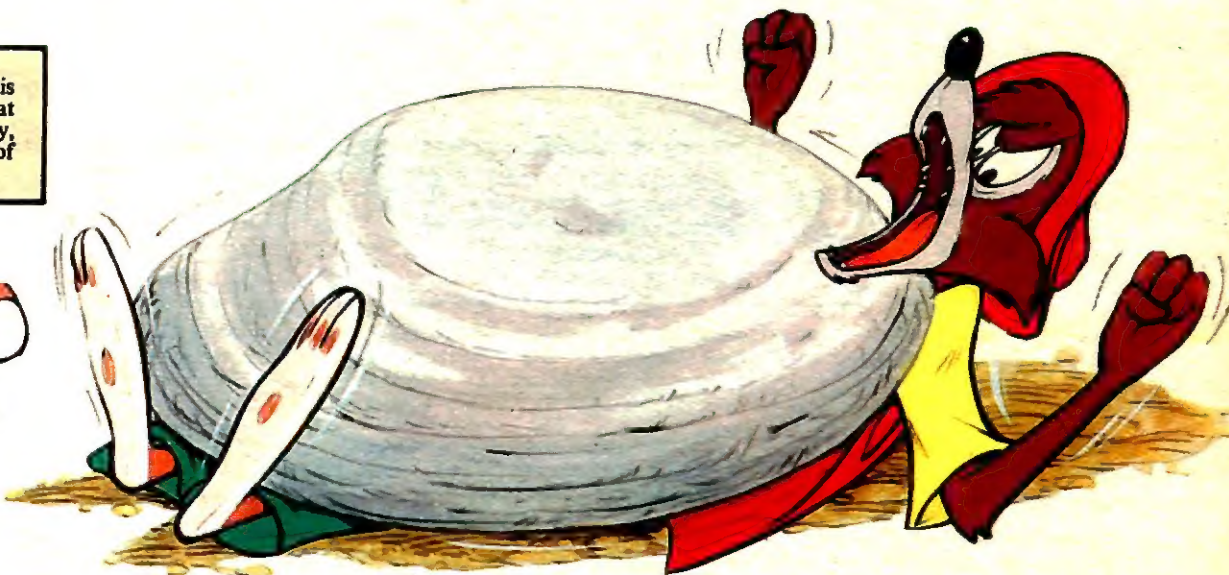
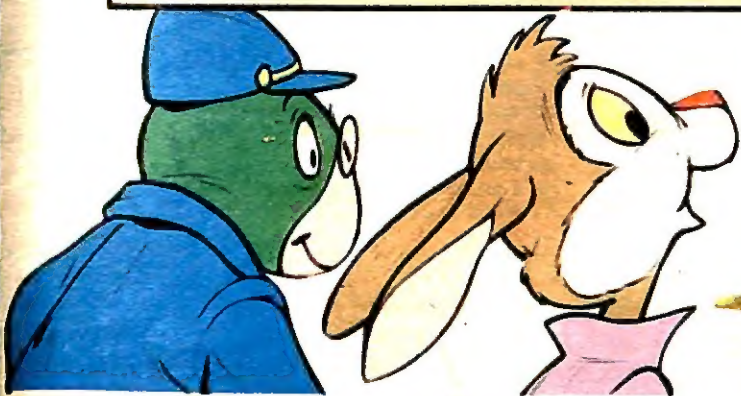
Then Brer Fox, he took an' lay down where he was when Brer Rabbit found him, an' the others, they up an' rolled the rock 'pon top of him.

They rolled the rock 'pon top of him an' there he was! Brer Terrapin, he walked all 'round an' 'round an' looked at him.

Then he sat down, like he was studyin' somethin' or other.



11. By-an'-by, Brer Fox hollers: "Hey, Brer Terrapin! This here rock is gettin' mighty heavy!" Brer Terrapin, he jest sat there an' studied an' studied. Then Brer Fox hollers: "Hey, Brer Terrapin! This here rock is mashin' the breath out of me!"



12. Then Brer Terrapin, he got to his feet, he did an' he says to Brer Rabbit, says he: "Brer Rabbit, you was in the wrong. You had no business for to come botherin' Brer Fox when he wasn't botherin' you. He was 'tendin' to his own business an' you ought to have been tendin' to your own." This made Brer Rabbit look ashamed of hisself but Brer Terrapin went talking right along: "When you was going down the road this mornin' you surely must have been goin' some place. If you was goin' some place, you better be goin' on. Brer Fox, he wasn't goin' nowhere then an' he ain't goin' nowhere now. You found him under that rock an' under the rock you gotta leave him." An', bless gracious, exclaimed Uncle Remus, those two creatures raced off from there an' left Old Brer Fox under that rock. Now what do you think of that, my golden boy?







# THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF PINOCCHIO



The other day Pinocchio saw  
A horse, who human garments wore.  
"I'd like a ride, I would," said he,  
"Upon that gee-gee! Tee-hee-hee!"



Now it was strange, for as the boy  
Ran forward—horse did, too, with joy.  
In fact, it would be true to say  
It came to meet the lad halfway.



But as the boy then climbed aboard  
The horse with joyful braying roared,  
Then leaped upon Pinocchio's back  
And gave the boy a playful whack.

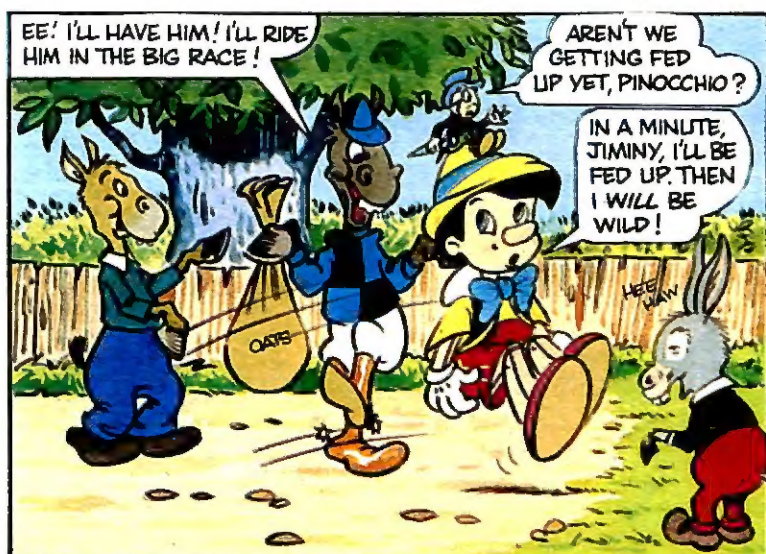


Well, off they went as in a race  
Until they reached a wondrous place,  
Where every person was a horse—  
Which is the wrong way round, of course!

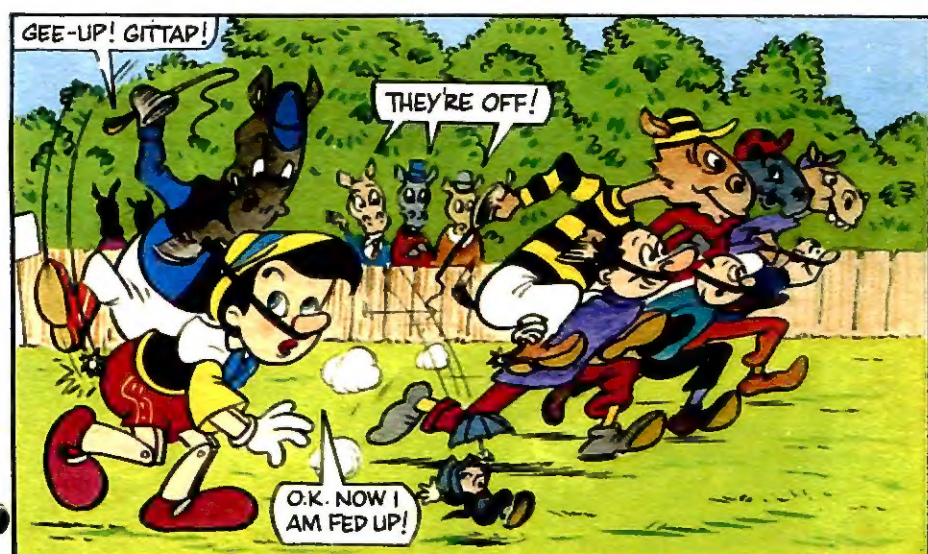


"Now here," this horse Pinocchio told,  
"Is where the fastest men are sold,  
So if you smile all bright and nice  
I think you'll sell for quite a price!"

"Well, fancy that!" young Pino cried.  
He really had enjoyed the ride  
He'd given to that gee-gee horse  
As much as eating beans with sauce.



Then very soon our boy was sold  
But for a bag of oats—not gold,  
And horse who purchased him was dressed  
In black and sky-blue hat and vest.



He leaped upon Pinocchio's back  
And said "I'm Jockey Whipper Jack!"  
Then jabbing Pino with his spur  
Cried "It's a race, lad—go on—stir!"

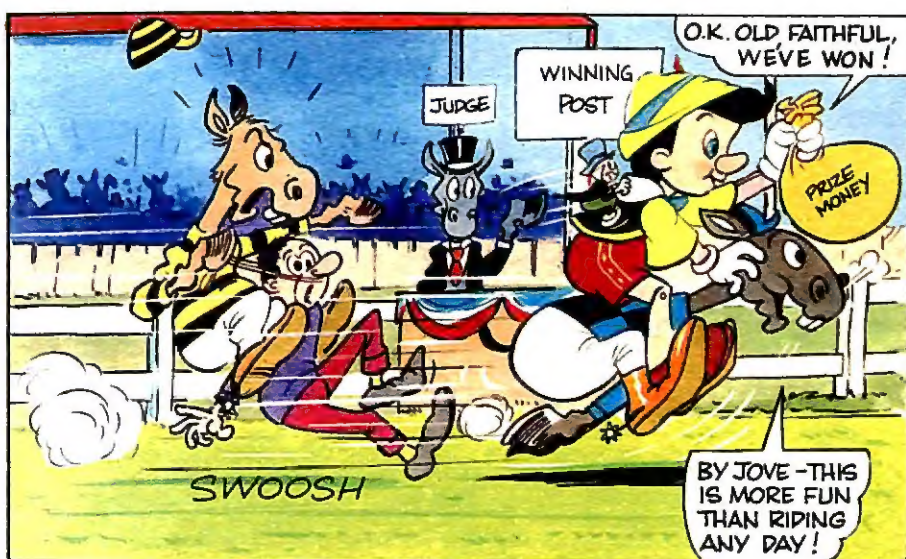




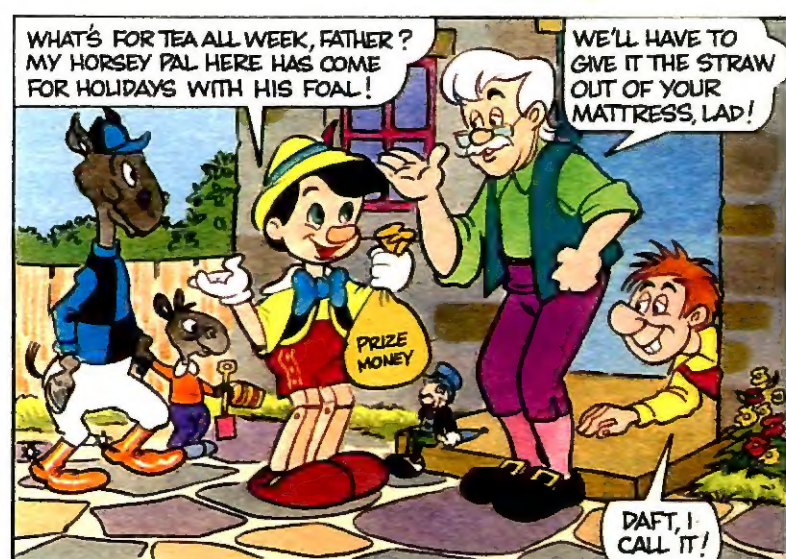
Well Pino bucked and jumped around  
And horse wound up upon the ground,  
At which the horse burst forth in woe  
"Sob! Sob! I do want money so!"



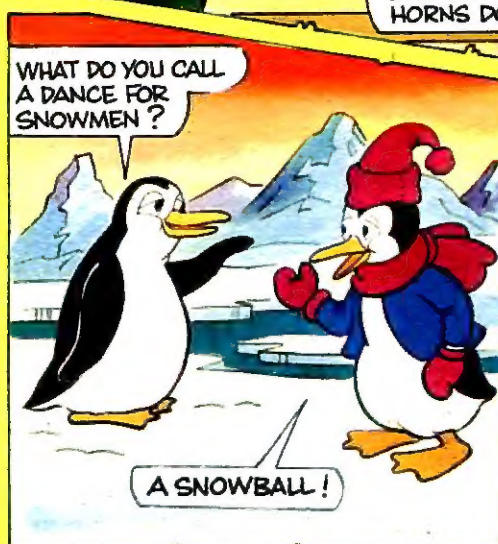
It seemed that he was in a hole,  
For his poor tiny little foal  
Had never had a holiday  
And never would now, sad to say.



But Pino saved the day with ease,  
He quickly got up off his knees,  
And, mounted on the horse's back,  
Sped swiftly down the racing track.



They won the prize as you can see  
And then went home for cakes and tea.  
So small horse got his holiday,  
A proper holiday—with play!





# The **TAILOR** *who wanted to be a* **PRINCE**



1. When after many years a baby son was born to the King and Queen of Tabriz, the wise men of the Court warned them that their son would be injured by an enemy before he reached the age of twenty-one. So the King sent his baby son to his brother the Sultan of Jerusalem to be brought up. The boy was never to be told who his father was.

When he was twenty-one he was to be sent back to his father and mother who would then explain why he had been sent away.

Twenty-one years later not one but *two* sons turned up. One was a tailor, the other the true prince. But which one was the true prince? The Queen was sure that she knew and she suggested to the King that each young man should be asked to make a silken gown for her.



2. Three days later Abu Ben Cassim, the tailor, he who was believed by the King to be his son, presented the beautiful gown he had made to the Queen. "See, father! See, honoured mother! Is this not a masterpiece of tailoring? I am sure the court tailor could do no better!" The King looked rather puzzled. "But where did you learn to be such a clever tailor?" he asked. "My uncle the Sultan of Jerusalem insisted that I should learn all trades," replied Abu smilingly. Then the Queen said, "Let the other be brought before us." So Omar—he who was the true prince—was brought before the King and Queen. The Queen smiled. "And what have *you* done—you whom the King believes to be a tailor of Bagdad?" she asked. Omar threw the silk, the scissors and needles and thread down before her. He had made nothing.



3. "I have been taught by the Sultan of Jerusalem to ride a horse, to fight with a sword and to throw a lance some sixty paces. But I have never been taught to sew. Such a trade is beneath the notice of my uncle the Sultan," said Omar.

"You are a true son of your father, the King of Tabriz," cried the Queen. "Ah, if only I could embrace you and call you son." Then turning to the King she said, "Forgive me, my lord, for trying to find out the truth in this way. Do you not see now which is the prince and which the tailor?"



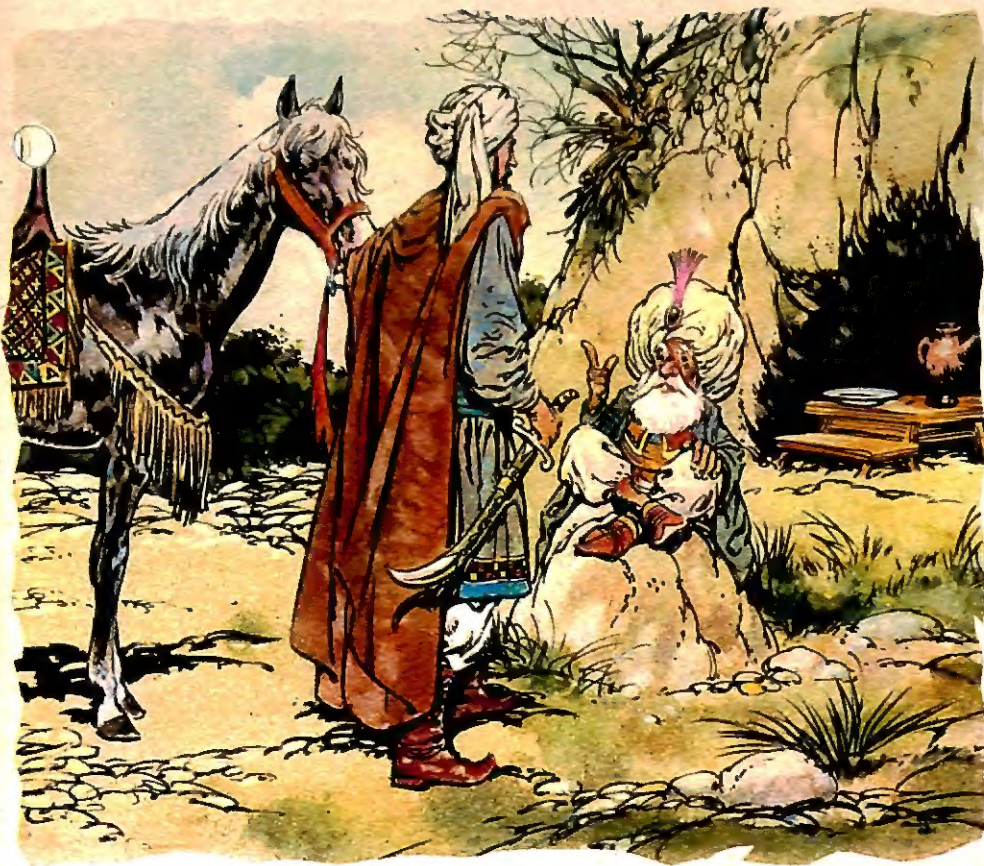
4. The King sat deep in thought, looking first at Abu, who was trying to hide his anger at being so stupid. Then at Omar, who stood proudly, head high, every inch a prince.

At last the King said, "Even this trial does not satisfy me. But happily I know of a way that will convince me."

Ordering his swiftest horse to be saddled he rode off alone into a mysterious forest several miles away.

Here lived a kindly magician who had often helped the Kings of Tabriz for many hundreds of years.





5. In the middle of the forest was a cave and here lived the magician. When the King reached this spot, he dismounted and called aloud for the magician.

A little old man, no higher than the King's waist, stepped forth.

"Why do you call on me, O mighty King of Tabriz?" asked the little old man.

The King was surprised to see that the magician was such a little man. But aloud he said, "For hundreds of years you have helped my ancestors in time of need. Now I come to you for your advice because I am sorely troubled."

The little old man smiled and perched himself cross-legged on a high stone.

"I know why you have come to me, your majesty," he said, "and I will give you my help."



6. "Take these two little boxes. Do not open them, but let the two young men, who claim to be your son choose between them. What is inside each box will prove who is your true son. I know the real prince will make no mistake." As the little magician said this, he put into the King's hand two little boxes made of ivory, with lids of gold and rubies. On the lid of one were the words *Honour and Glory* and on the other *Wealth and Happiness*.

"It will be a difficult choice," said the King as riding home, he looked at the two little boxes and saw what was written on their lids.



7. Back at the palace, the King lost no time in sending for the Queen and all his court. Then he made a signal to the Captain of his Guard and Abu was led in. Proudly he asked: "What does my lord and father command?"

The King pointed to the two boxes which were on a little table nearby. "My son," he said, "as you know there are some people who doubt that you are indeed my son," and here he frowned at his wife. "Now one of those two boxes contains the proof of your birth. Being my son, you will certainly choose the right one."

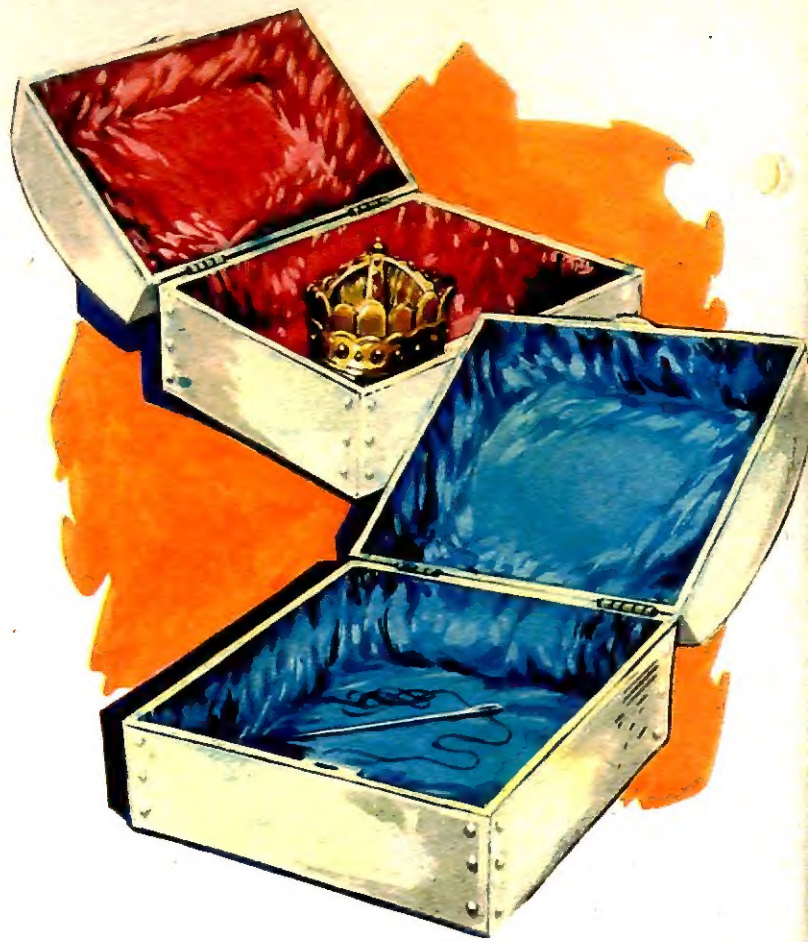
Abu went over to the little table and looked down at the two boxes. His heart was beating swiftly. What would happen to him if he chose the wrong box?



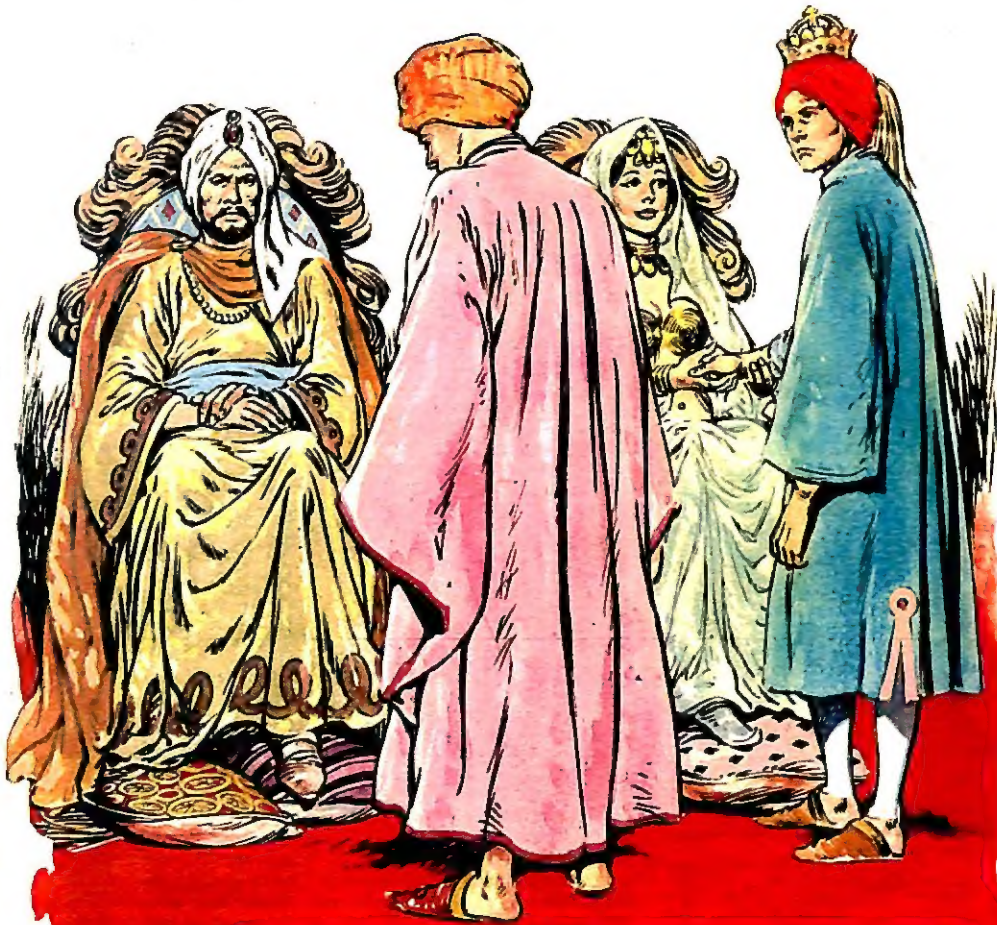


8. Silence reigned throughout the great hall. No-one stirred and Abu felt terribly alone. Nobody could help him, not even his quick wits could rescue him. He *had* to make the choice. At last he picked up one of the boxes and turning, spoke to the King. "My honoured father," said he, "what can be better than the happiness of being your son and enjoying the riches of your love? I choose the box with the words *Wealth and Happiness*."

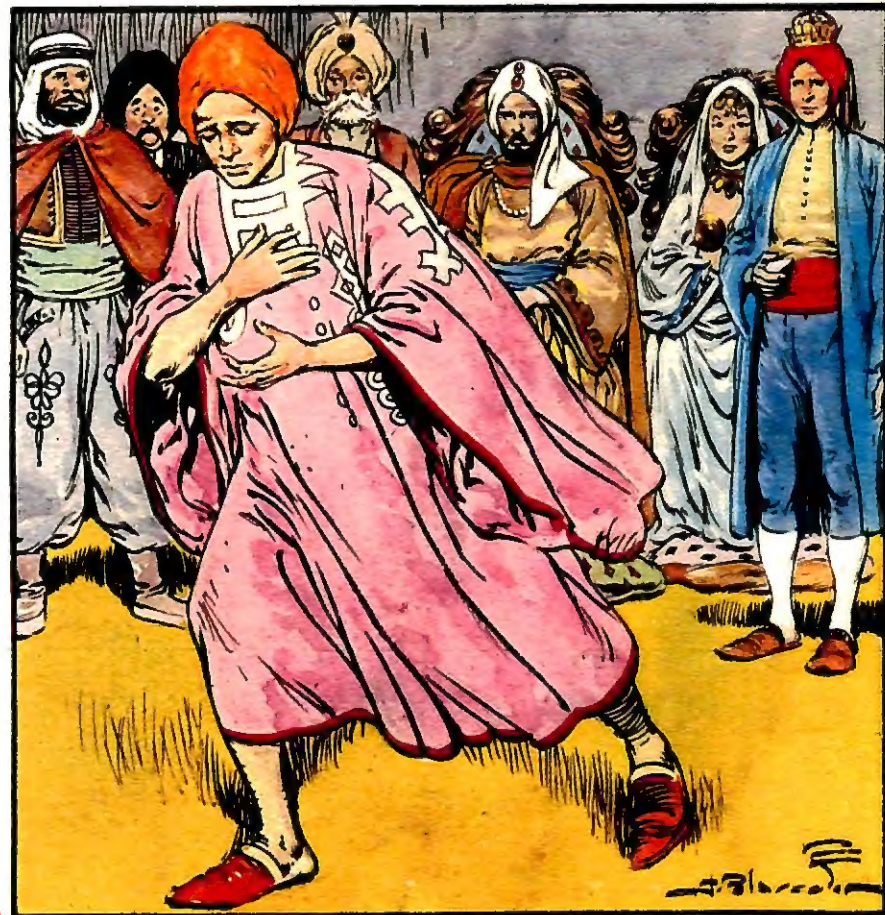
"We shall see presently if you have chosen the right one," said the King. "For the moment, sit here beside me." Then Omar was brought in, looking sad and sorrowful. The King ordered him to choose one of the boxes.



9. Omar carefully read the words on the lids of the two boxes. Then he shrugged his shoulders and said: "The last few days have shown me how uncertain is happiness and how easily riches vanish away. So I am not interested in *Wealth and Happiness*. Even if I stay in prison for ever, I make my choice *Honour and Glory*." Then the King rose from his throne and said, "Open the boxes and let the truth be known." The Captain of the Guard opened the boxes. In the one Omar had chosen lay a little golden Oriental crown. In Abu's box was a large needle and some thread!



10. The King told the two young men to bring him their boxes. They did so. He took the little crown in his hand and as he held it, it grew bigger and bigger until it was as large as a real crown. He placed it on the head of his son Omar and kissed him on the forehead. Then the Queen smiled happily and took Omar's hand in hers, while the King frowned at Abu.



11. "You are a common trickster," said the King to Abu. "A rascal who has tried to pass himself off as a Prince. But your plan has been discovered. You deserve no mercy, but I cannot be harsh on the day I have found my true son. I give you your life on condition you leave this country for ever. Take your needle and cotton and go." The King handed Abu the little box he had chosen. Then Abu crept away in utter shame.



12. Making his way to the stables Abu saddled his old horse and rode out of the city gates and took the road to Bagdad. "I've learned my lesson," he sighed. "I shall never want to be a Prince again. I think I'll return and ask my old master if I can have my job back."



13. When he reached Bagdad, he rode up to his old master's door. But when he entered the shop, his master stormed at him, for running off with the royal robe belonging to the brother of the Caliph of Bagdad. "I have been in terrible trouble because of your dishonesty," he shouted. "Get you gone! I never wish to see you again!" And although Abu offered to pay three times the value of the robe, his master drove him forth with heavy blows.



14. Abu rode away, now completely friendless, but determined to give up wanting to be a prince and instead to lead the life of an honest workman.

He sold his little ivory box with its golden lid and rubies to a jeweller for a good price, bought a house and opened a workshop.

Then he hung up a sign with *Abu Ben Cassim, Tailor* on his door and sat down to mend his own torn clothes with the very needle which had been in the ivory box.

15. After a while he was called away and when he went back he found that a wonderful thing had happened! The needle was sewing all by itself.

It was a magic needle and however much it sewed the thread never came to an end. Abu soon had plenty of customers. He would cut out the clothes, make the first stitch with the magic needle, and then leave it to do the rest.



16. Before long the whole town went to him, for his work was so good and so cheap.

And so the promise of *Wealth and Happiness* came true for him and when he heard of all the brave adventures of Prince Omar, who so often rode forth to fight his father's many enemies, the ex-prince thought to himself. "After all, I am better off as a tailor, for *Honour and Glory* can prove to be very dangerous."





# WINNIE-THE-POOH

By A. A. MILNE

In which Christopher Robin gives  
a Pooh party, and we say goodbye

One day when the sun had come back over the Forest, bringing with it the scent of may, and all the streams of the Forest were tinkling happily to find themselves their own pretty shape again, and the little pools lay dreaming of the life they had seen and the big things they had done, and in the warmth and quiet of the Forest the cuckoo was trying over his voice carefully and listening to see if he liked it, and wood-pigeons were complaining gently to themselves in their lazy comfortable way that it was the other fellow's fault, but it didn't matter very much; on such a day as this Christopher Robin whistled in a special way he had, and Owl came flying out of the Hundred Acre Wood to see what was wanted.

"Owl," said Christopher Robin, "I am going to give a party."

"You are, are you?" said Owl.

"And it's to be a special sort of party, because it's because of what Pooh did when he did what he did to save Piglet from the flood."

"Oh, that's what it's for, is it?" said Owl.

"Yes, so will you tell Pooh as quickly as you can, and all the others, because it will be tomorrow?"

"Oh, it will, will it?" said Owl, still being as helpful as possible.

"So will you go and tell them, Owl?"

Owl tried to think of something very wise to say, but couldn't, so he flew off to tell the others. And the first person he told was Pooh.

"Pooh," he said, "Christopher Robin is giving a party."

"Oh!" said Pooh. And then seeing that Owl expected him to say something else, he said, "Will there be those little cake things with pink sugar icing?"

Owl felt that it was rather beneath him to talk about little cake things with pink sugar icing, so he told Pooh exactly what Christopher Robin had said, and flew off to Eeyore.

"A party for Me?" thought Pooh to himself. "How grand!" And he began to wonder if all the other animals would know that it was a special Pooh Party, and if Christopher Robin had told them about *The Floating Bear* and the *Brain of Pooh* and all the wonderful ships he had invented and sailed on, and he began to think how awful it would be if everybody had forgotten about it, and nobody quite knew what the party was for; and the more he thought like this, the more the party got muddled in his mind, like a dream when nothing goes right. And the dream began to sing itself over in his head until it became a sort of song. It was an

## ANXIOUS POOH SONG.

3 Cheers for Pooh!

(For who?)

For Pooh—

(Why what did he do?)

I thought you knew;

He saved his friend from a wetting!

3 Cheers for Bear!

(For where?)

For Bear—

He couldn't swim,

But he rescued him!

(He rescued who?)

Oh, listen, do!

I am talking of Pooh—

(Of who?)

Of Pooh!

(I'm sorry I keep forgetting).

Well, Pooh was a Bear of Enormous Brain—

(Just say it again!)

Of enormous brain—

(Of enormous what?)

Well, he ate a lot,

And I don't know if he could swim or not,

But he managed to float

On a sort of boat

(On a sort of what?)

Well, a sort of pot—

So now let's give him three hearty cheers



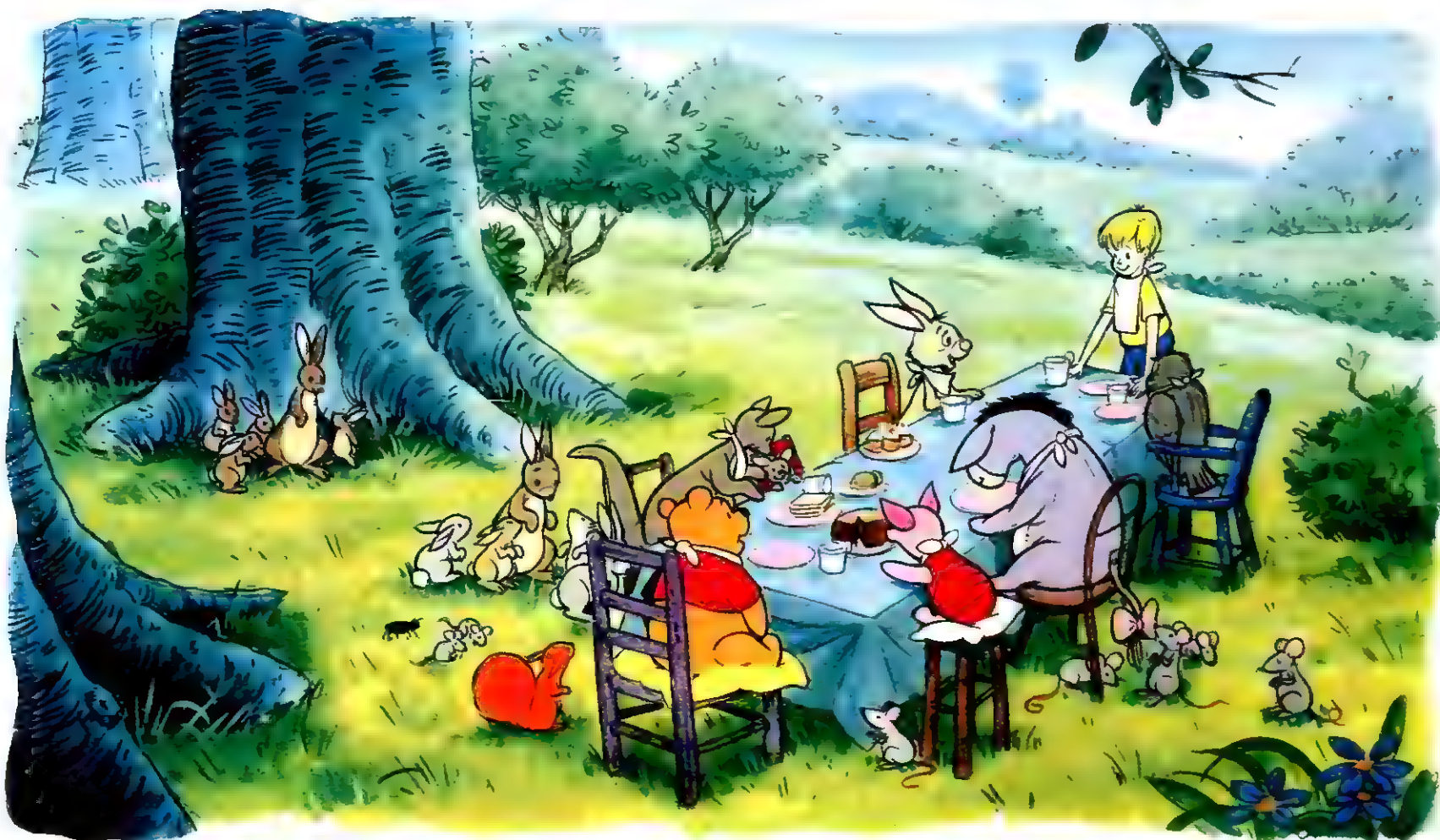


(So now let's give him three hearty whishes!)  
 And hope he'll be with us for years and years,  
 And grow in health and wisdom and riches!  
 3 Cheers for Pooh!  
 (For who?)  
 For Pooh—  
 3 Cheers for Bear!  
 (For where?)  
 For Bear—  
 3 Cheers for the wonderful Winnie-the-Pooh!  
 (Just tell me, somebody—WHAT DID HE DO?)  
 While this was going on inside him, Owl was talking to Eeyore.  
 "Eeyore," said Owl, "Christopher Robin is giving a party."  
 "Very interesting," said Eeyore. "I suppose they will be sending me down the odd bits which got trodden on. Kind and Thoughtful. Not at all, don't mention it."  
 "There is an Invitation for you."  
 "What's that like?"  
 "An Invitation!"

"Yes, I heard you. Who dropped it?"  
 "This isn't anything to eat, it's asking you to the party. Tomorrow."  
 Eeyore shook his head slowly.  
 "You mean Piglet. The little fellow with the excited ears. That's Piglet. I'll tell him."  
 "No, no!" said Owl, getting quite fussy. "It's you!"  
 "Are you sure?"  
 "Of course I'm sure. Christopher Robin said 'All of them! Tell all of them.'"  
 "All of them, except Eeyore?"  
 "All of them," said Owl sulkily.  
 "Ah!" said Eeyore. "A mistake, no doubt, but still, I shall come. Only don't blame me if it rains."  
 But it didn't rain. Christopher Robin had made a long table out of some long pieces of wood, and they all sat round it. Christopher Robin sat at one end, and Pooh sat at the other, and between them on one side were Owl and Eeyore and Piglet, and between them on the other side were Rabbit, and Roo and Kanga. And all Rabbit's friends and relations spread themselves about on the grass, and waited hopefully in case anybody spoke to them, or dropped anything, or asked them the time.  
 It was the first party to which Roo had ever been, and he was very excited. As soon as ever they had sat down he began to talk.  
 "Hallo, Pooh!" he squeaked.  
 "Hallo, Roo!" said Pooh.  
 Roo jumped up and down in his seat for a little while and then began again.  
 "Hallo, Piglet!" he squeaked.  
 Piglet waved a paw at him, being too busy to say anything.  
 "Hallo, Eeyore!" said Roo.  
 Eeyore nodded gloomily at him. "It will rain soon, you see if it doesn't," he said.  
 Roo looked to see if it didn't, and it didn't, so he said "Hallo Owl!"—and Owl said "Hallo, my little fellow," in a kindly way, and went on telling Christopher Robin about an accident which had nearly happened to a friend of his whom



Christopher Robin didn't know, and Kanga said to Roo, "Drink up your milk first, dear, and talk afterwards." So Roo, who was drinking his milk, tried to say that he could do both at once . . . and had to be patted on the back and dried for quite a long time afterwards.  
 When they had all nearly eaten enough, Christopher Robin banged on the table with his spoon, and everybody stopped talking and was very silent, except Roo who was just finishing a loud attack of hiccups and trying to look as if it was one of Rabbit's relations.  
 "This party," said Christopher Robin, "is a party because of what someone did, and we all know who it was, and it's his party, because of what he did, and I've got a present for him and here it is." Then he felt about a little and whispered, "Where is it?"  
 While he was looking, Eeyore coughed in an impressive way and began to speak.  
 "Friends," he said, "including oddments, it is a great pleasure, or perhaps I had better say it has







business. Pencils and what-not. Over-rated, if you ask me. Silly stuff. Nothing in it."

Later on, when they had all said "Good-bye" and "Thank you" to Christopher Robin, Pooh and Piglet walked home thoughtfully together in the golden evening, and for a long time they were silent.

"When you wake up in the morning, Pooh," said Piglet at last, "what's the first thing you say to yourself?"

"What's for breakfast?" said Pooh. "What do you say, Piglet?"

"I say, I wonder what's going to happen exciting today?" said Piglet.

Pooh nodded thoughtfully.

"It's the same thing," he said.

"And what did happen?" asked Christopher Robin.

"When?"

"Next morning."

"I don't know."

"Could you think, and tell me and Pooh some time?"

"If you wanted it very much."

"Pooh does," said Christopher Robin.

He gave a deep sigh, picked his bear up by the leg and walked off to the door, trailing Winnie-the-Pooh behind him. At the door he turned and said, "Coming to see me have my bath?"

"I might," I said.

"Was Pooh's pencil case any better than mine?"

"It was just the same," I said.

He nodded and went out . . . and in a moment I heard Winnie-the-Pooh—*bump, bump, bump*—going up the stairs behind him.

The End

been a pleasure so far, to see you at my party. What I did was nothing. Any of you—except Rabbit and Owl and Kanga—would have done the same. Oh, and Pooh. My remarks do not, of course, apply to Piglet and Roo, because they are too small. Any of you would have done the same. But it just happened to be Me. It was not, I need hardly say, with an idea of getting what Christopher Robin is looking for now—" and he put his front leg to his mouth and said in a loud whisper, "Try under the table"—"that I did what I did—but because I feel that we should all do what we can to help. I feel that we should all—"

"H—hup!" said Roo accidentally.

"Roo, dear!" said Kanga reproachfully.

"Was it me?" asked Roo, a little surprised.

"What's Eeyore talking about?" Piglet whispered to Pooh.

"I don't know," said Pooh rather dolefully.

"I thought this was *your* party."

"I thought it was *once*. But I suppose it isn't."

"I'd sooner it was yours than Eeyore's," said Piglet.

"So would I," said Pooh.

"H—hup!" said Roo again.

"AS—I—WAS—SAYING," said Eeyore loudly and sternly, "as I was saying when I was interrupted by various Loud Sounds, I feel that—"

"Here it is!" said Christopher Robin excitedly.

"Pass it down to silly old Pooh. It's for Pooh."

"For Pooh?" said Eeyore.

"Of course it is. The best bear in all the world."

"I might have known," said Eeyore. "After all, one can't complain. I have my friends. Somebody spoke to me only yesterday. And was it last week or the week before that Rabbit bumped into me and said 'Bother!' The Social Round. Always something going on."

Nobody was listening, for they were all saying, "Open it, Pooh," "What is it, Pooh?" "I know what it is," "No, you don't," and Other helpful remarks of this sort. And of course Pooh was opening it as quickly as ever he could, but without cutting the string, because you never know when a bit of string might be Useful. At last it was undone.

When Pooh saw what it was, he nearly fell down, he was so pleased. It was a Special Pencil Case. There were pencils in it marked "B" for Bear, and pencils marked "HB" for Helping Bear, and pencils marked "BB" for Brave Bear. There was a knife for sharpening the pencils, and india-rubber for rubbing out anything which you had spelt wrong, and a ruler for ruling lines for the words to walk on,

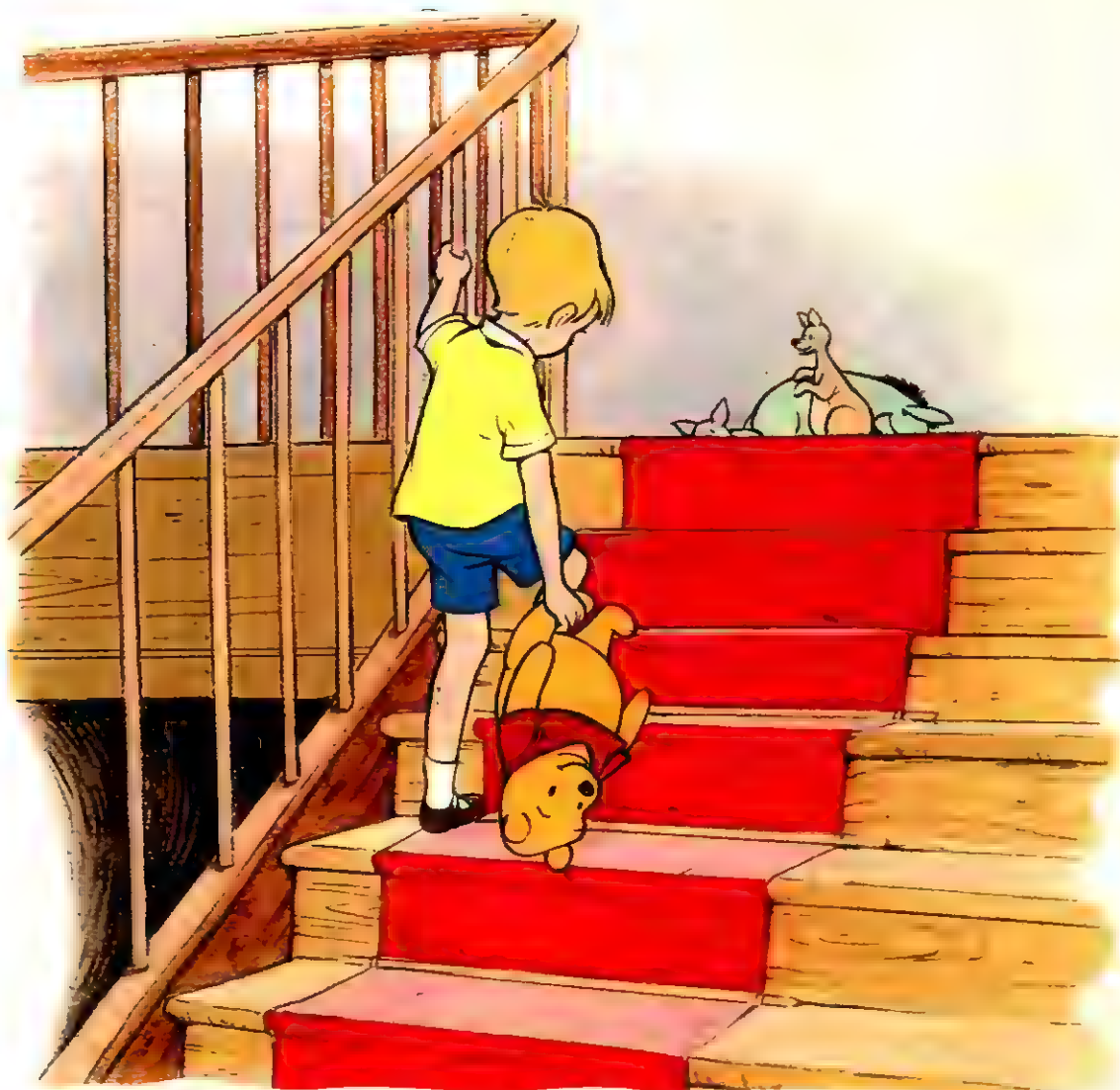
and inches marked on the ruler in case you wanted to know how many inches anything was, and Blue Pencils and Red Pencils and Green Pencils for saying special things in blue and red and green. And all these lovely things were in little pockets of their own in a Special Case which shut with a click when you clicked it. And they were all for Pooh.

"Oh!" said Pooh.

"Oh, Pooh!" said everybody else except Eeyore.

"Thank you," growled Pooh.

But Eeyore was saying to himself, "This writing

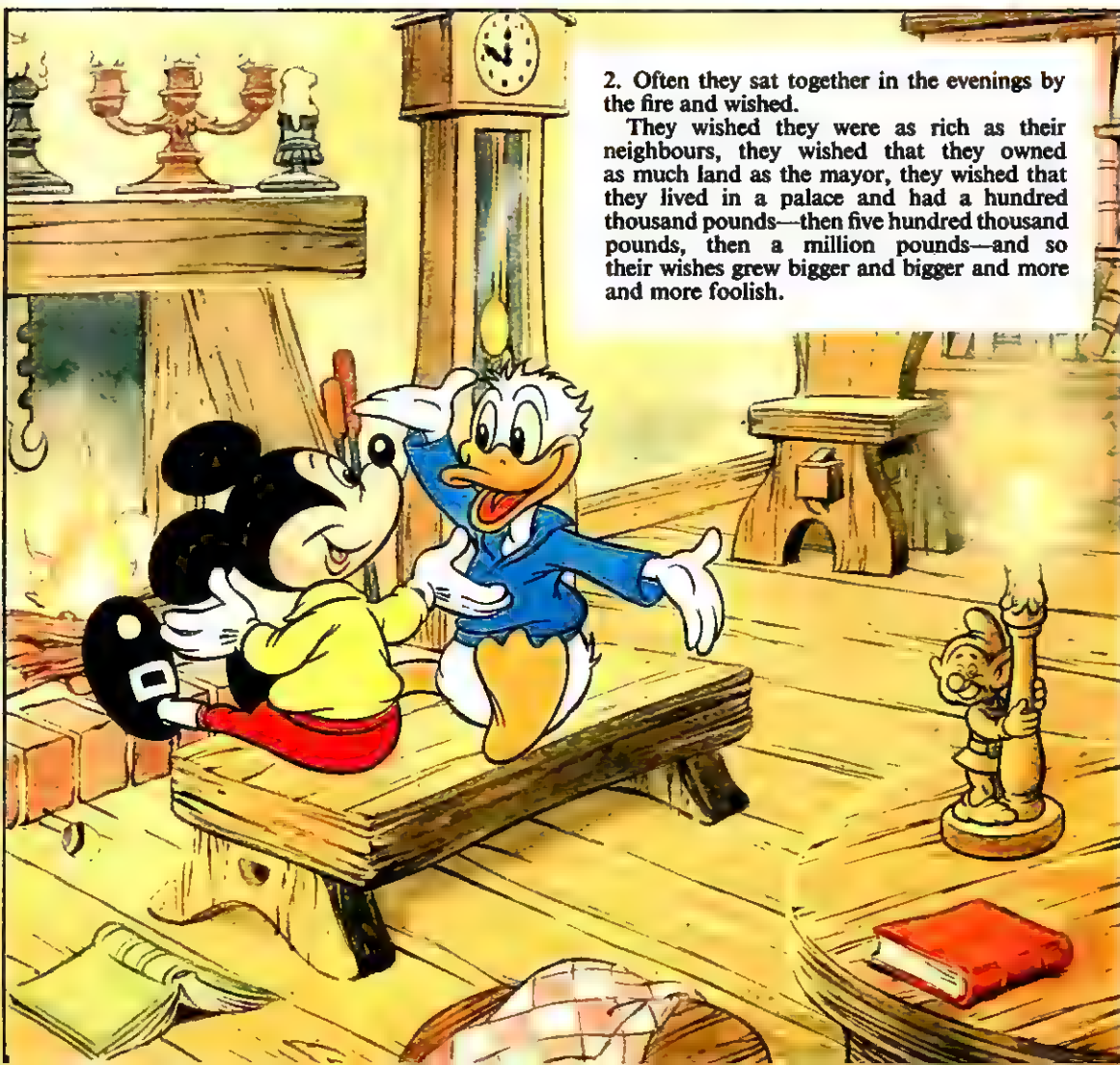




# The Three Wishes



1. Once upon a time, so many years ago when all the world was young and it was summer all year long, there lived two poor candlestick-makers named Mickey and Donald. They lived and worked in a little shop at the corner of Penny Lane and Always Avenue. Mickey made the candlesticks and Donald sold them. Happy and comfortable though they were, like many other people, they would have liked something grander.



2. Often they sat together in the evenings by the fire and wished.

They wished they were as rich as their neighbours, they wished that they owned as much land as the mayor, they wished that they lived in a palace and had a hundred thousand pounds—then five hundred thousand pounds, then a million pounds—and so their wishes grew bigger and bigger and more and more foolish.

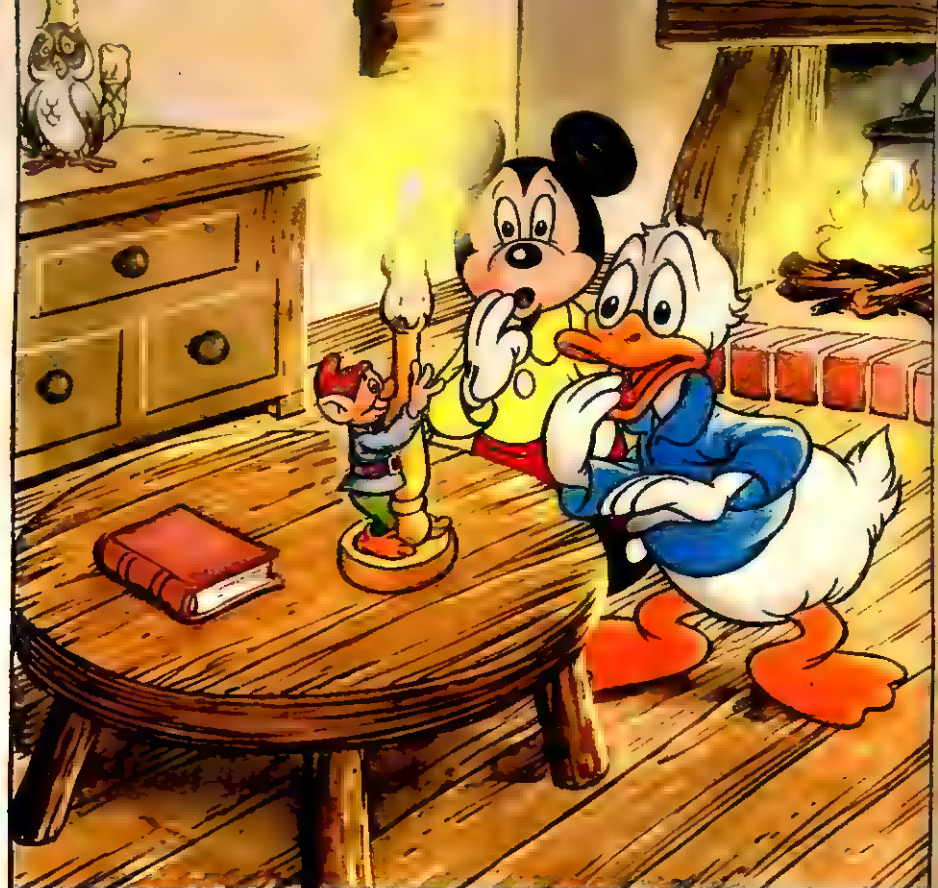


3. Now it so happened that upon a certain Tuesday, Mickey had been carving a very interesting wooden candlestick. It was in the shape of a jolly little gnome. Little did Mickey suspect that the wood he had been using had come from the branch of a magic apple-tree. That same evening the friends were sitting together roasting chestnuts and wishing their foolish wishes as usual.





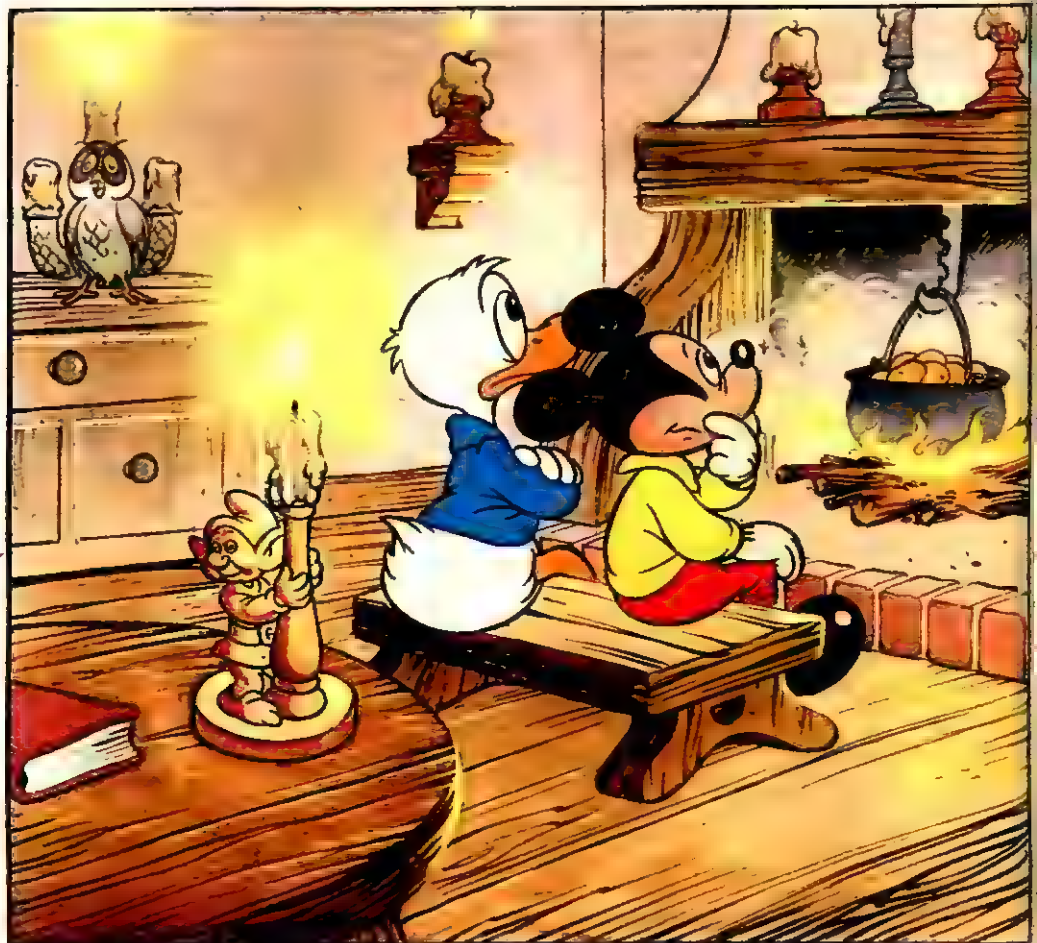
4. Suddenly there came a great wind as if from nowhere and all the candles went out. Startled, the friends looked round. Had one of them left a window or a door open? Surely not! For every evening when the shop was closed, they would put up their shutters and lock their doors. So what was happening, they wondered. They were even more astonished when a beam of light streamed down and picked out in a magical glow the gnome that Mickey had carved.



5. Then—wonder of wonders—the little gnome moved and as he did so, the room was filled with the fragrance of apple-blossom and the candles were alight again—even the candle that the gnome was holding. Donald and Mickey gasped with wonder. The gnome had a voice like a pure silvery bell. "Have no fear, my friends," he said. Then he smiled at Mickey. "Little did you realise that the wood you used to carve me was part of the branch of an old magic apple-tree. You have made me and I thank you as a son would thank his father. It is within my power to grant to you and your friend three wishes—but three wishes only, which will come true at once!

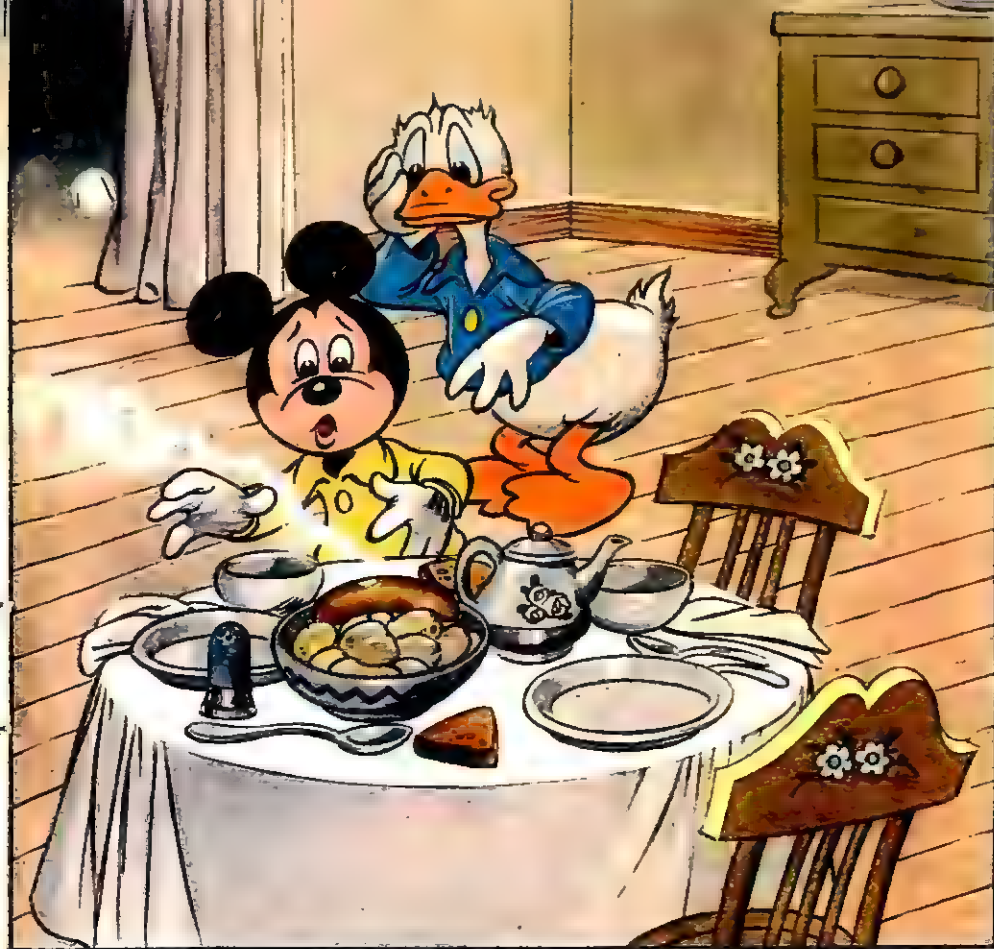


6. Mickey nudged Donald. He could scarcely believe his ears. Was he dreaming? But one glance at the magic gnome told him that this was really happening. Then the gnome raised a warning finger. "You have three days to decide on your three wishes," he tinkled. "Think well and carefully and do not be too hasty." "There is no fear of that," smiled Mickey but the gnome had once again become a candlestick of wood and the scent of apple-blossom faded from the room. Donald looked at Mickey, Mickey looked at Donald. Then joyfully they joined hands and danced round the room.

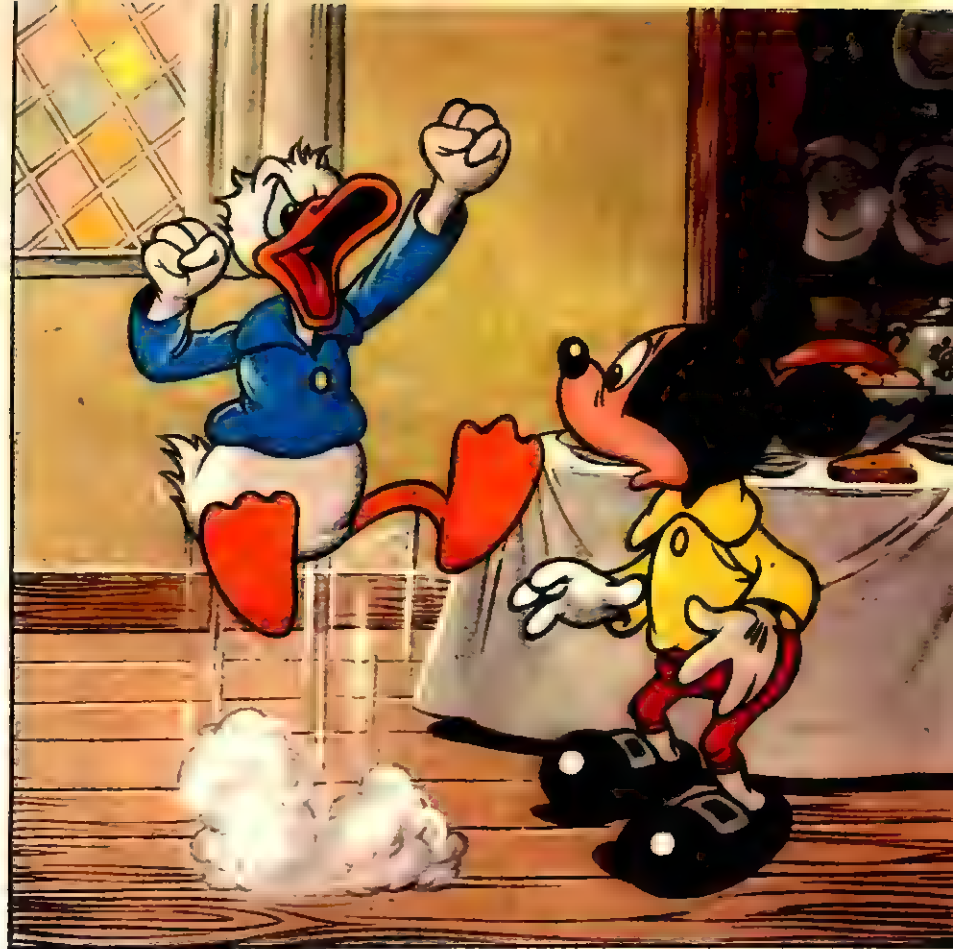


7. At last they sat down and began to think in great excitement. What should they wish for? A palace? Ten million pounds? A mountain of diamonds? A sea of rubies? They scarcely dared to speak in case they made a silly wish. "There is a lot of time," Donald said at last. "We have until Friday to make up our minds." The following evening, while the potatoes for supper were cooking, Mickey and Donald sat comfortably by the fire. Silently they watched the flames licking the sides of the pot of potatoes that hung over the fire. Both were thinking of their good fortune and of the wishes they would make.

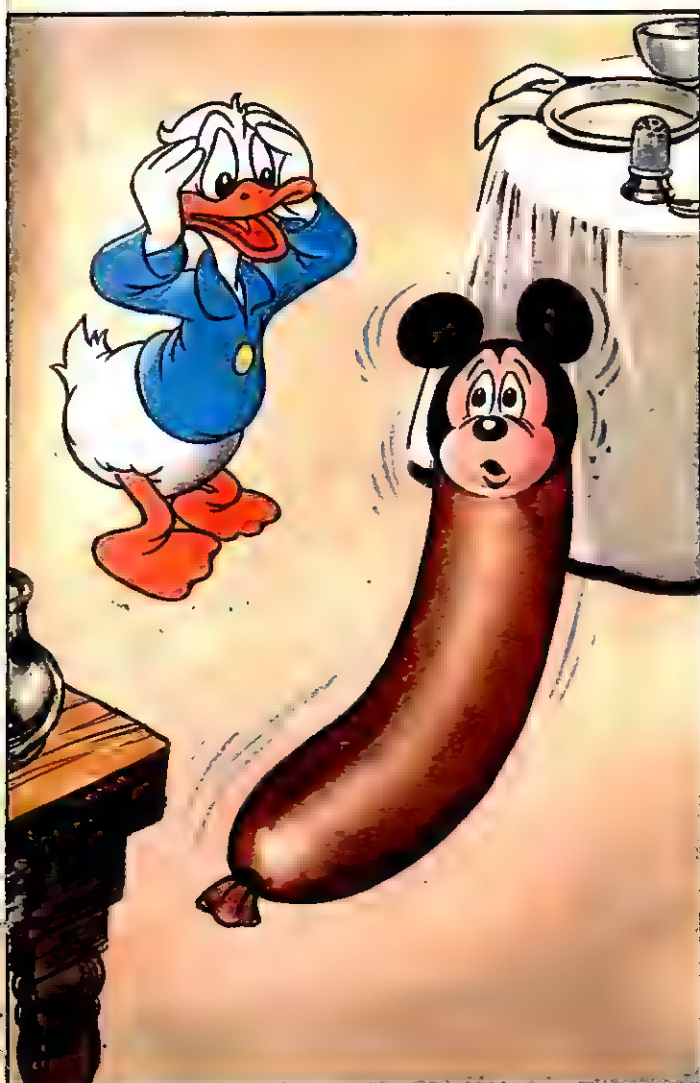




8. When the potatoes were ready, Mickey rose to turn them out on to a plate. The delicious smell made his mouth water and without thinking he said to Donald: "These would be splendid with a sausage. I wish we had a big sausage!" He had made his first wish. In a flash the scent of apple-blossom filled the air—and lying on top of the potatoes was a large delicious sausage.



9. Who would not have been furious at such a wish? Who would not have lost his temper completely at such stupidity? Donald, who could always lose his temper quicker than anyone else, bounded high in the air and hooted at the top of his voice. "I wish you were a great big sausage yourself, Mickey!" As soon as he said this, he wished he hadn't.



10. For no sooner said than done! Donald had scarcely finished the last word than Mickey turned into a huge sausage! "Help!" gasped poor Mickey. "Do something—quickly, Donald!"



11. Donald was desperate. Two wishes had been spent and not by one ear of corn were he and Mickey better off. In fact, poor Mickey was far worse off. He was nothing but a sausage! One wish remained. But what use were all the riches in the world if Mickey was just a big fat sausage? Donald and Mickey loved each other as is the way of true friends. No—there was no way out. Donald had to use the last wish and change Mickey Sausage back to Mickey Mouse.



12. No palace! No mountain of diamonds! No sea of rubies! No—just two simple friends who loved each other and as the old saying goes: "They are rich who have true friends, for nothing can be bought which is better than a firm friend." And so although Mickey and Donald had lost the chance of riches, they were happy that they were still together. "I'd rather have you than a mountain of diamonds," said Mickey to Donald. "And I'd rather have you than a sea of rubies," said Donald to Mickey. And so, good friends together, they lived happily ever after, for to them, their little shop was as much as a palace is to a king.



# ANIMALS

## OF OUR Wonderful World

This week: **THE JAGUAR**



2. He is not much less in size than the tiger, and is larger than the leopard. Although he is a close relative of those two ferocious animals, the jaguar is different in various ways. For instance, the beautiful colour and markings of his fur are quite different, as you can see here.



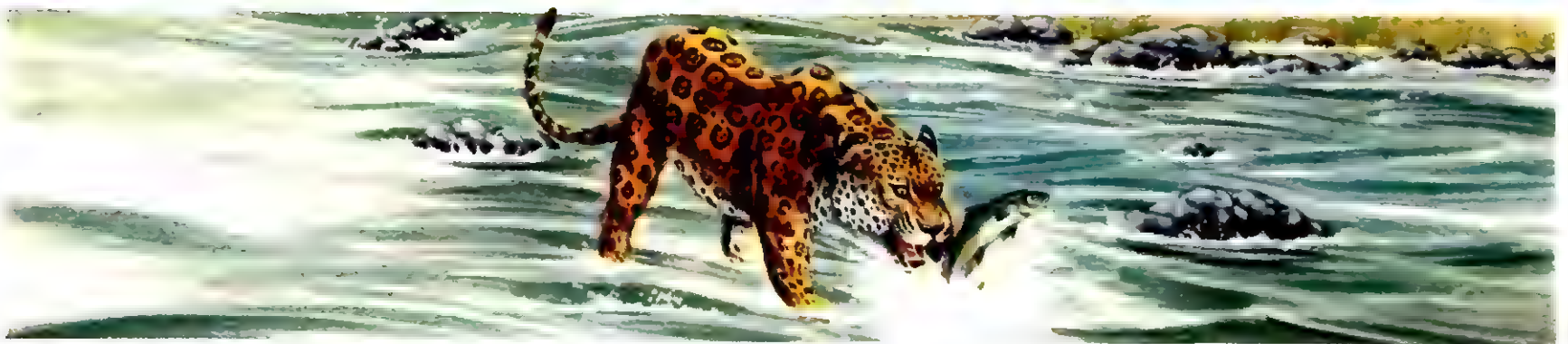
1. Here he is ready and waiting to pounce—the mighty Jaguar, the largest and fiercest of the cat tribe in America, the terror of the jungle.



3. Whereas the tiger and the leopard haunt the dry, hot jungles, the jaguar, though he may be found as far north as Texas, loves the marshy lands by the side of the South American rivers. Here he lies in wait for his prey.



4. The jaguar has no particularly favourite food. Horses, oxen, sheep, wild or tame, it's all the same to the big cat. He usually picks out the last animal in a passing herd. Then one mighty leap on to his victim's back, and in an instant all is over.

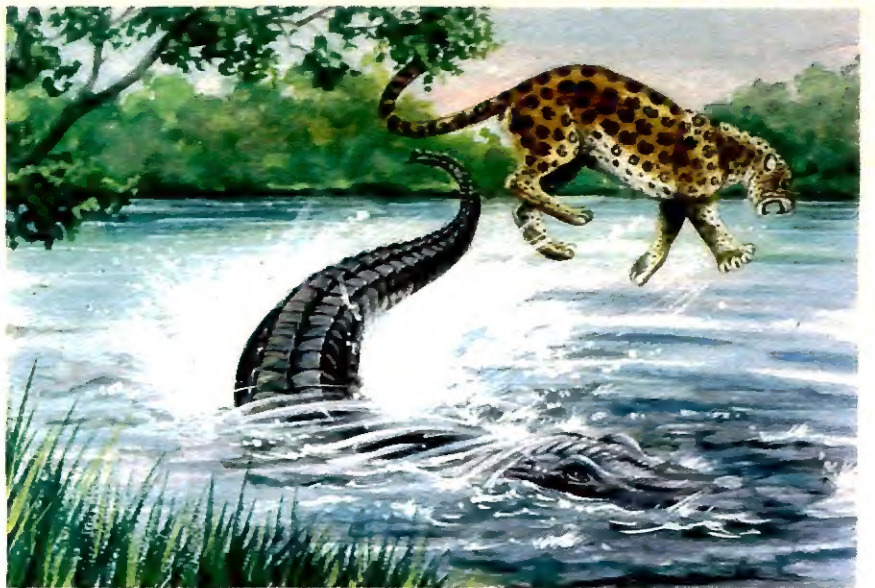


5. He likes fish, too. He will prowl patiently, his powerfully strong legs in the shallows of a river and will catch a nice fishy dinner with his paw. He moves with the speed of lightning to take the fish in his jaws before the wriggling fish can leap back into the river.





6. Utterly fearless, the jaguar will very readily attack the mighty alligator. On dry land, the jaguar stands a good chance of victory, for the alligator is very clumsy out of water.

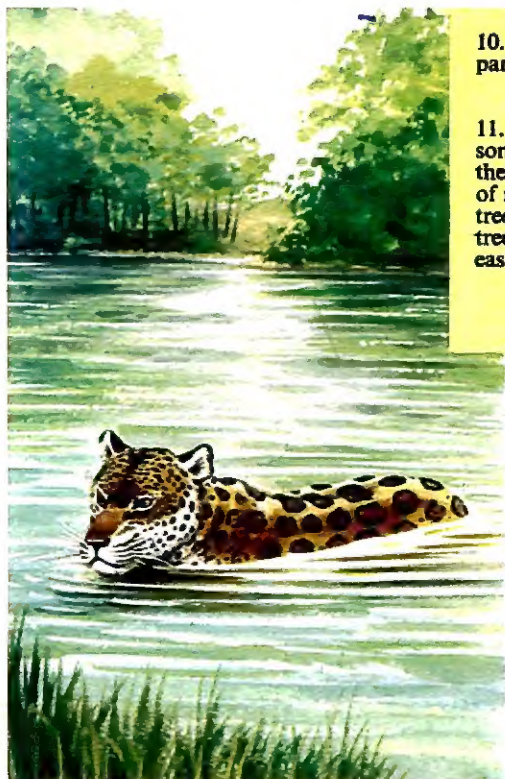
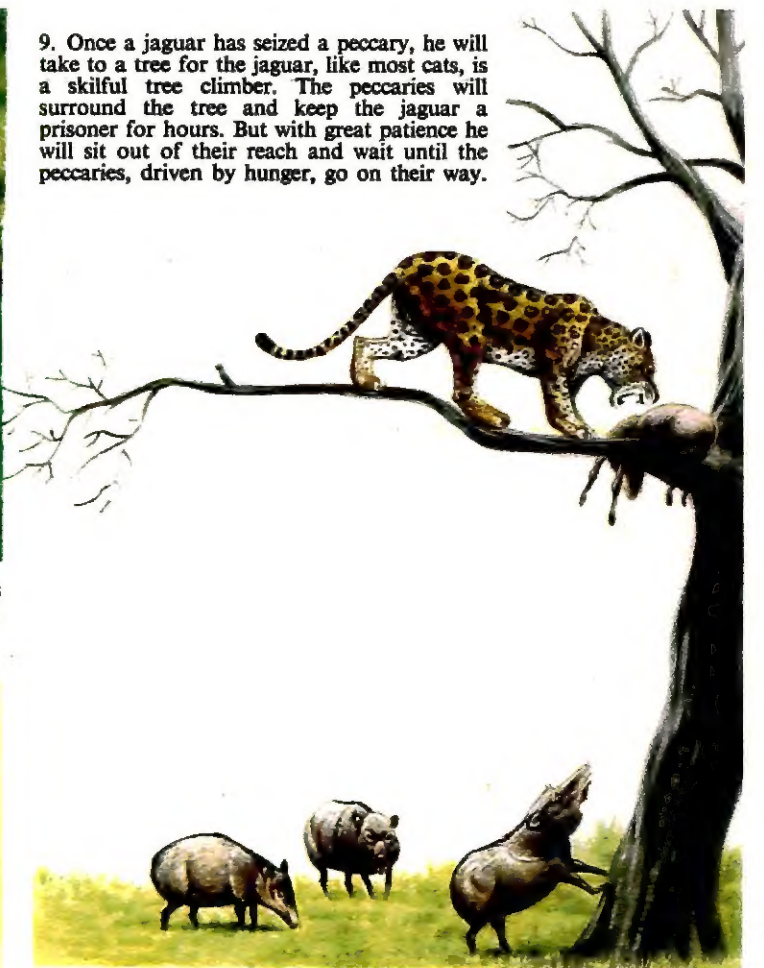


7. But once let the alligator carry the fight into water and the chances are that the jaguar will not triumph. The river is home to the alligator for he is a swift and powerful swimmer. Here he can use his massive tail to great effect.



8. The jaguar likes eating peccary. Now the peccary is a small hog with short sharp tusks. It is usually to be found in small herds, is very savage and will attack any enemy, even man himself. But even so, the jaguar will attack a whole herd of peccaries.

9. Once a jaguar has seized a peccary, he will take to a tree for the jaguar, like most cats, is a skilful tree climber. The peccaries will surround the tree and keep the jaguar a prisoner for hours. But with great patience he will sit out of their reach and wait until the peccaries, driven by hunger, go on their way.



10. This big cat prefers to be near water, and particularly the large rivers and swamps, for he is a clever swimmer.

11. He is also such a clever climber that in some places, where the rivers often overflow their banks and flood the country for hundreds of miles, he will take altogether to a life in the trees. This, of course, he can only do if the trees grow close together so that he can leap easily from one to another. Yes, the jaguar is an animal of many parts.



Aren't these animal stories exciting? Remember there is one every week in "The Wonderful World of Disney".



# Hide-and-seek with



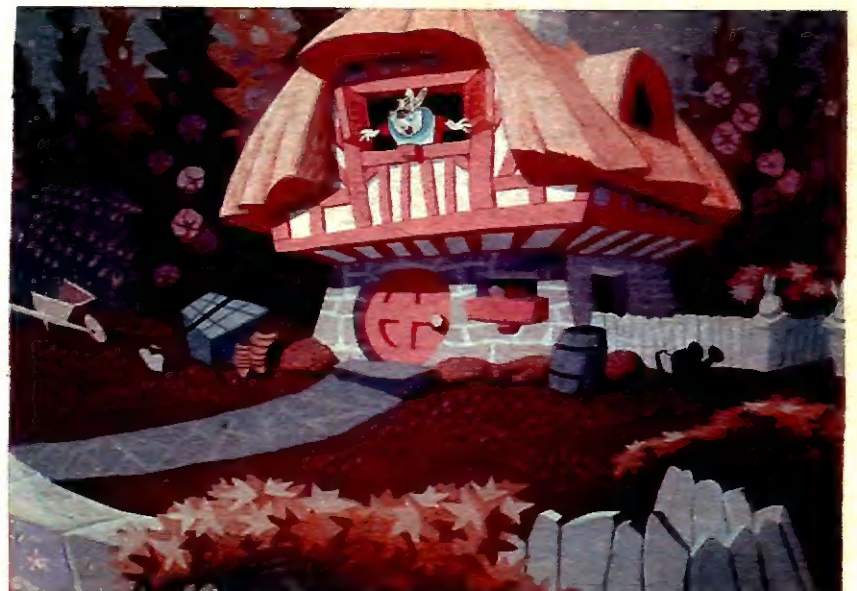
1. "Well, fancy that, a rabbit white!"  
Said Alice, one day, with delight.  
Said rabbit "Catch me if you can!"  
So Alice chased him as he ran.



2. It was a very speedy stroll  
The rabbit took towards his hole,  
And when he reached it, in he raced.  
Then Alice followed him in haste.



3. Inside the hole 'twas not so dark.  
"It's like," said Alice, "Regent's Park  
When twilight falls on London Town,  
With grass so green and tree-trunks brown."



4. The rabbit's house then came in sight,  
A cosy place in pink and white.  
The rabbit sped with speed inside  
And then appeared at window wide.



5. "I thought I'd lost you, girl," said he,  
"And yet you're here, 'tis plain to see.  
Now—if you'll pardon me—from here  
I plan to swiftly disappear."



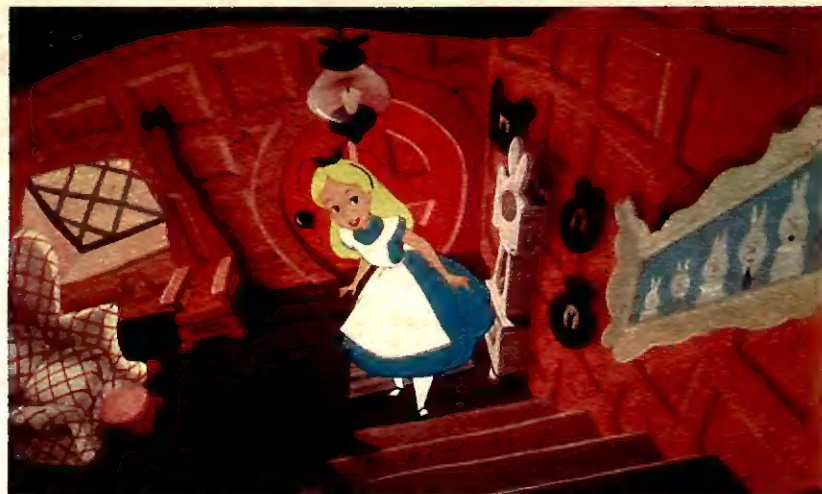
6. "I'm having fun and want some more!"  
Young Alice smiled and pushed the door,  
Then stepped inside a hallway where  
Were rabbit doodads everywhere.



# the White Rabbit



7. It was the sort of fun so daft  
That Alice loved and so she laughed:  
"Well, if we're playing hide-and-seek,  
I'll find you if it takes all week!"



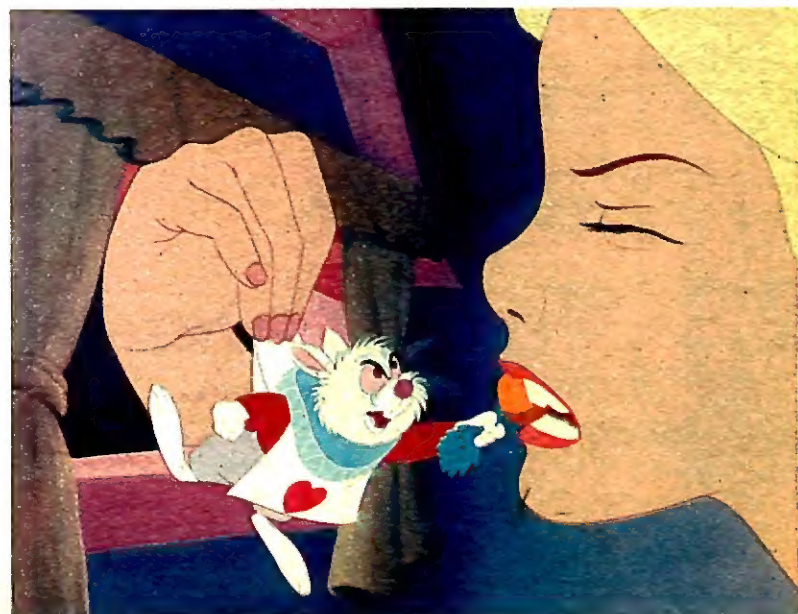
8. From here to there she looked around  
But nothing of that rabbit found.  
"I think I'll go upstairs," said she,  
"Perhaps in hiding there, he'll be."



9. And so upstairs young Alice went  
To find the little furry gent,  
But though she hunted high and low,  
She did not find him there and so—



10. Because she felt in hungry mood  
She popped downstairs to look for food.  
She found a little magic fig  
And ate it—then became quite big!



11. Her head shot up, straight through two floors,  
Her arms and legs hung out of doors,  
But rabbit (to the rescue!) said:  
"Quick, nibble on this carrot red!"



12. She nibbled! Then becoming small,  
She said: "This isn't fun at all!  
I'm going home!" And so she did,  
Still wondering where that rabbit hid!

Sssh! We'll let you into a secret. The white rabbit was hiding under that big arm-chair in Picture Eight.



"Dear, oh dear!" the Walrus groans. "Someone's filled my pants with stones!"

# The WALRUS and the CARPENTER

